

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 9.



THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER.

DOGS AS DANGEROUS AS WOLVES.

[We take the following from the *Boston Globe* of January 10.]

DR. AUSTIN PETERS' REPORT ON DOGS.

We see in the Boston papers of January 8 that Dr. Austin Peters, chief of the Massachusetts Cattle Bureau, has just submitted his annual report to the State Board of Agriculture at the State House, a considerable portion of which is given to dogs, which he declares are "as much a menace to the welfare of the community as wolves." That owners of dogs should be compelled to have them securely muzzled or kept in leash whenever they step off their owners' premises. That they should always be required to have collars around their necks [which, of course, might be stolen].



HE SAVED THE LIVES OF THE SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

That they should be considered a luxury and the tax should never be less than five dollars for a male and ten dollars for an unspayed female. This license would mean, of course, that poor men's dogs would have to be killed and only the richer men's dogs be permitted to live. We think there is trouble enough already between rich and poor, and if a law were enacted which required all poor men's dogs to be killed we suspect that rich men's dogs would be in great danger. Thieves, burglars and committers of outrages will all agree with the doctor in his estimate of the value of dogs. Automobiles are coming into very wide use. Rascals, with one of them, may travel forty miles from Boston after dark, commit any outrage and be back in their beds in Boston before light. With the present rapid increase of crime we think the time is soon coming when farmers will need dogs to protect their homes at night when they are asleep and give warning of danger, and perhaps also to protect their wives and children daytimes when they are off in their fields at work, and it will be very difficult to get much protection from dogs that are tied or muzzled. In regard to the effect of dogs on the sheep industry: We have argued that question at the State House many times and have never failed in a single instance to convince the committees that it was not advisable to muzzle the dogs.

In regard to the subject of rabies, our opinions will be found in other articles published here-with.

The doctor does not seem to have considered the educational value of dogs in promoting the happiness and humanity of human beings as of any importance, but the millions of members of our about seventy thousand Bands of Mercy will differ with him in that opinion. We believe that every kind word said and every kind act done to these [so-called] lower creatures will make human lives happier and be an important influence for the prevention of every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

RARITY OF HYDROPHOBIA.

At a discussion on the subject at a meeting of the clinical society of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, Dr. F. B. St. John Rossa presided, and said that the medical profession should take action upon the vexed question of hydrophobia. He had large experience with dogs, and had seen them with symptoms which were pronounced by the books as hydrophobia, and the dogs had recovered, and people who were bitten by them showed no signs of hydrophobia.

Dr. W. A. Hammond said all stories about persons being bitten by mad dogs and having disease years afterwards are untrue. He had seen several cases of hydrophobia from fear. The dog should be kept until the symptoms of rabies appeared, and not killed at once, as is usually done—it will die in nine days if it has the disease. Bites through clothing are harmless. Dr. Hammond had no confidence in Pasteur's methods. He did not believe that hydrophobia could be caused by inoculation any more than lockjaw. In the four cases from Newark, N. J., which Pasteur treated, there is no proof that the dog was mad that bit them. The same dog also bit four other dogs and two children, and they are all free from the symptoms of the disease.

Dr. A. H. Smith said that he had seen three cases said to be hydrophobia, but he did not believe they were genuine. He claimed that persons bitten by dogs could bring on a disease which would kill simply by the effect of the imagination, without any virus being in the body. All scares that come up periodically from the supposed appearance of hydrophobia are without foundation.

A hydrophobia caused by fear was what Dr. T. E. Satterthwaite believed in. Out of the 9,000 cases of sickness at the Pennsylvania hospital there was only one case of hydrophobia, and the post mortem in this case did not show the evidence of the disease. The spinal cord of this patient is now shown in lectures as a healthy cord. One doctor said that the man died of alcoholic poisoning.

Dr. Rossa said that all unite in saying that hydrophobia is rare. Hydrophobia is yet to be made up from the beginning. He hunted down one case of hydrophobia and found it to be caries of the spine. He didn't believe in muzzling dogs, and ridiculed the idea of preventing the disease in this manner.

Our Day, Chicago.

HYDROPHOBIA, RABIES AND THE MUZZLING OF DOGS.

We have received some very painful letters on the above subjects, to which we can only answer that we have been doing all we can for the protection of dogs, and wish we could do a great deal more. During the past more than thirty years we have been called many times to the State House to oppose their muzzling, and have never failed in a single instance to convince the committee that there was no need of muzzling. We have at different times had various cases of alleged rabies investigated by our officers, without finding in a single instance evidence to warrant a belief in its existence. Dr. Charles W. Dulles of Philadelphia, professor in the Pennsylvania

University and an eminent physician, was appointed by the Pennsylvania Medical Society many years ago to investigate the subject, and has ever since given more attention to it, perhaps, than any other man either in Europe or America, and is convinced that cases are so extremely rare as to make it doubtful whether it is anything more than a disease of the imagination. In all the great collections of dogs in this country and Europe, we think not a single instance can be found where any animal or human being in charge of these animals has had the disease. In Constantinople, where thousands of poor vagrant dogs wander in the streets, there was never an instance known. But since this Pasteur business has become so prominent the reported malady seems to have terribly increased. Very soon after Pasteur's alleged discovery, the cases, we understand, became quite numerous in France, while in Germany, just across the Rhine, they were almost unheard of. We have no doubt that dogs, like human beings and horses, may be liable to epidemics, but whether those epidemics have anything to do with rabies is another question. Dr. Dulles thinks all these Pasteur institutes are of no use, except to put money into the pockets of the doctors who are connected with them. Of course we are not competent to decide this matter, but we are strongly of the opinion that if Pasteur had never lived and performed his numerous experiments on living animals there would be no more need now of muzzling dogs in America than there was in the hundred years before this vivisector was ever heard of.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

RABIES AND HYDROPHOBIA.

Will some of our Pasteur scientists kindly tell us the cause of the present epidemic of alleged rabies? Why now more than during the hundreds of years since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth? Why now more in Massachusetts than over the line in New Hampshire and Vermont? Why after Pasteur's alleged discovery did cases, as we are now informed, largely increase in France, while over the line in Germany they were almost or quite unheard of? Why have none of these cases occurred in the great dog pounds of Europe and America where thousands of vagrant dogs have been collected? Why have they never occurred in Constantinople where thousands of vagrant dogs roam the streets night and day? Why during the past thirty years have we had no difficulty in satisfying at various times committees at our State House that there was no need whatever for dogs being muzzled? How happens it that Dr. Dulles of Philadelphia, a physician of eminent standing and professor in the Pennsylvania University, appointed by the Pennsylvania Medical Society to especially investigate the subject, after devoting a vast deal of attention to it during the past fifteen or twenty years, has come to the conclusion that the cases of rabies are so rare as to make it doubtful as to whether it is anything more than a disease of the imagination, and to consider the Pasteur institutes as really Pasteur humbugs, of no use except to put money into the pockets of those connected with them? Will our Massachusetts scientists kindly enlighten, on this subject, our many fellow-citizens who are deeply interested in preserving the lives, health and happiness of their four-footed friends?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VACCINATE THE DOGS.

We find it suggested by a writer in the *Boston Herald* [and probably a veterinarian] that it would be a good plan to have all our dogs vaccinated with the Pasteur Mad Dog Serum, and so rendered perfectly safe. If our legislature would enact a law requiring all the dogs of the Commonwealth to be so vaccinated, it would certainly bring a lot of business to the vaccinators; and if the legislature would go a little farther and enact that all animals liable

to be bitten by a mad dog should be also vaccinated with this serum, that would make a bonanza for the vaccinators, and then if the legislature would go still farther and enact that all human beings in the state shall be vaccinated with this serum, as they now are against small-pox, we presume that dogs [or certainly all shepherd dogs] would be permitted thereafter to leave their owner's premises without muzzles. GEO. T. ANGELL.

CASTOR-OIL FOR RABIES.

An interesting account comes to our table from Philadelphia of a dog that was said to have rabies and was taken to the hospital. They gave him there a dose of castor-oil, and the rabies all left him at once and he was returned to his mistress in perfect health.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER DANGER FOR DOGS.

We are sorry to learn of several cases in which muzzles have been stolen from dogs, and so the dogs who have been legally muzzled have been liable, at any moment, to be shot. The muzzle dealers say they have considerable difficulty in deciding what size muzzles will fit the different dogs, as the dogs cannot be taken to the stores to get the muzzles without the danger of being shot on the way.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From the Lawrence, Mass., Leader.)

AS TO THE MAD DOG SCARES.

It is to be hoped that in all the hullabaloo and excitement of the present dog scare which seems to have struck most of the communities around us, there will be no such symptoms of incipient paresis displayed in this city as has struck the "dog killers" of Haverhill.

An incident that happened the other day in the shoe city illustrates to what lengths an unreasoning frenzy will lead a person. Haverhill has had several "mad dog" scares in the last few weeks, and all canines have been compelled to wear muzzles for some time. Came a farmer, Monday, from Chester, N. H., with a load of apples to sell. As usual, he brought with him "his faithful dog to bear him company." He was a valuable dog, a family pet, a companion and guardian of the children in the family, and a faithful protector of his master's property. The "dog scare" has not struck Chester, and neither the animal nor his master dreamed of any trouble as they came to town. As the man drove up to a market to dispose of his produce, the dog jumped from the team where he had been riding and laid down directly under the wagon, as was his invariable custom, while the man went into the store. Along came the "killer"; he saw the dog, reached under the wagon, grabbed him by the collar and dragging him out shot the faithful creature dead. The people came rushing from the store, among them the owner of the dog. He stood speechless at the sight of his dead pet, then broke down and wept.

"He was one of my family," he sobbed. "Somebody might have told me! He never harmed a fly!" And the poor old man climbed into the wagon and drove sadly out of town. The on-lookers at the scene "said things" to the "killer," and the city council met that night and appointed men who would use judgment and discretion in the matter of shooting dogs, and the above "killer's" name was not in the list.

There's a lesson here for Lawrence people.

(Sent to all Boston daily papers, Jan. 12, 1907.)

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF RABIES?

Perhaps you will kindly give a place in your columns to a question asked me and my answer. What do you think is the cause of rabies, Mr. Angell? Answer: I think if these Pasteur Institutes had never been



established there would be no more need now of muzzling and murdering our Massachusetts dogs than there has been during all the hundreds of years since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. I think the lives of our dogs would be as safe in Massachusetts as they are in all the great sheep-raising countries of the world, or in Constantinople where thousands of dogs which have no owners roam the streets night and day, and a case of rabies was never heard of.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOG'S LONG VIGIL AT MASTER'S GRAVE.

Trenton, Oct. 27.—Every day for four months a little mongrel dog has hovered over the grave of Frank Riley, hoseman of Engine Company No. 6, who met his death while fighting a fire that destroyed the works of the New Jersey Pulp and Plaster Works in this city last July.

Shortly before his death Riley found the dog almost starving and being mistreated by a gang of boys near the fire-house.

He took the dog to the engine-house, gave it food and a place to sleep, and soon the little fellow was the pet of the place.

The dog would often follow Riley to his home, but refused to have anything to do with any one except his master.

After Riley's body was buried in St. John's Cemetery, the dog was not seen for several days. A search was instituted and the dog was found on its dead master's grave. No amount of coaxing could induce the dog to leave.

Driven to the point of starvation, the dog left the grave to-day and appeared at its late master's home on South Broad street.

After being fed the animal returned to the graveyard.

It is one of the most remarkable cases of animal devotion in this vicinity.

New York World.

U. S. Senator Vest's Famous Eulogy on the Dog.

Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered

action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

(*This famous poem by Oliver Goldsmith is worth reading to-day.*)

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbor'ring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,

THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED.
Boston Post, Jan. 8, 1907.

A GREAT WORK.

By the death, on December 28, of Mr. George H. Sprague, senior partner in the firm of P. H. Foster & Co., we have lost a friend whose daily visits to our offices always brought sunshine and made us happier. In the past twenty-four years his firm has printed for us [as our secretary estimates] *more than a thousand millions of pages* of humane literature. In one of these years we printed over *one hundred and twenty millions of pages*, which was probably more than all our other humane societies throughout the entire world printed during the same time. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GREAT ARMY.

Our seventy thousand Bands of Mercy, with between two and three millions members, make an army so large that if marching in single file it would not only reach from Boston to Chicago, but some hundreds of miles beyond. We have now under consideration plans for so increasing this army that under the Star Spangled Banner and the flag of our American Humane Education Society on which is inscribed, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature," it may in time reach across the continent from Boston to San Francisco. Every new Band formed will open another door through which we can pour our humane literature into schools and homes, not only for the prevention of cruelty but for the protection of property and life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"We plead the cause of those dumb mouths that have no speech." —Longfellow.

A SPLENDID REPORT OF OUR WORK
IN THE BOSTON HERALD.

We are indebted to the *Boston Herald* for a splendid description and illustration of the work of our two humane societies, occupying an entire page of the *Herald* on January 6th.

We have thanked both the editor and the reporter, and if the dumb animals that are interested in our work only knew what the *Herald* has kindly done for them, we have no doubt they would all be grateful.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION—A VERY IMPORTANT LETTER.

From the Principal of Lake Erie Seminary, Painesville, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Angell:

* * * * *

But I must now say briefly what I have to suggest from our own experience. We have an exceptionally fine outfit for instruction in anatomy and physiology. It is admired by professors from medical colleges who visit us, and by others, who often say that our collection of dissectible models exceeds that of many colleges. These models are dissectible, and in the hands of our able instructors are exhibited before the classes and afterwards to individuals, so that they are thoroughly explained, and they seem to make clear the most difficult points in the study of the human subject.

Why is not this the ideal way for our colleges and schools, instead of dissecting cats? Why not have an adequate collection of dissectible models?

In the early days of medical study these models were not available.

With this suggestion and with the best wishes for your success in your good work,

I am yours very truly,

MARY EVANS.
Principal Lake Erie Seminary.

VIVISECTION—NOTABLE TESTIMONY.

The following is taken from the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's book on Biological Experimentation:

"Pain, when it is excited and sustained in any animal, obscures and falsifies for the time all the other vital phenomena which admit of investigation. . . . I am certain that vital experiments, to have any value at all, must be conducted without any trace of the disturbing influence of suffering, whether man or lower animal be the subject of observation, nor do I stand alone in this view; I have heard it expressed by Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Baly (perhaps the most accomplished and learned physiologist I have met), Sir John Forbes, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and Dr. John Snow. Sir Charles Bell and Alexander Walker also shared this view that pain as a disturbing influence is of so serious a character that, quite apart from sentiment on the matter, I think it best to exclude it altogether. It cannot guide; it must deceive."

In another place he expresses himself strongly against experimental demonstrations to students.

VIVISECTION.

Dr. F. R. Marvin of Albany says: "I have seen vivisections, and I know how unspeakably cruel most of them are, and I know also how unnecessary a large number of them are." Like Goldwin Smith, he laid special stress on the possible injury to the character of the operator and those who were associated with him. On this point he said:

"If ordinary vivisection is an inexcusable cruelty to animals, it is an incalculable injury to the young men who see it. It teaches them to behold without compassion the most aggravated misery and acute anguish. The man who can laugh or even smile at the agony of a dog will in time come to look with equal indifference upon the misery of the men and women who surround him."

Illinois Humane Journal.

MAYOR TO DOGS' RESCUE.

Chicago's Executive Will Veto Ordinance Turning Over Stray Animals to Vivisectionists.

(*Special Despatch to the Herald.*)

Chicago, Ill., Sunday.—The "vivisection ordinance" recently passed by the City Council, which has aroused a storm of criticism among members of humane organizations, will be vetoed by Mayor Dunne.

This much criticised measure authorizes the pound master to surrender unclaimed dogs to medical colleges for experimental purposes. Mayor Dunne will urge in a message that the instructors in the medical colleges be compelled to employ anaesthetics before a painful operation upon a dog, and if the experiment proceeds to any length that the animal must be killed before it can regain consciousness.

Before the Mayor's decision became known the feeling of indignation against the measure had become so strong that a delegation of prominent women, representing the Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago, announced their intention of calling upon the Mayor to urge him to veto the ordinance.

New York Herald, Jan. 7.

INTERMEDIARY.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

When from the prison of its body free,
My soul shall soar, before it goes to Thee,
Thou great Creator, give it power to know
The language of all sad, dumb things below.
And let me dwell a season still on earth
Before I rise to some diviner birth—
Invisible to men, yet seen and heard
And understood by sorrowing beast and bird—
Invisible to men, yet always near,
To whisper counsel in the human ear,
And with a spell to stay the hunter's hand
And stir his heart to know and understand,
To plant within the dull or thoughtless mind
The great religious impulse, to be kind.

Before I prune my spirit wings and rise
To seek my loved ones in their paradise—
Yea! even before I hasten on to see
That lost child's face so like a dream to me,
I would be given this intermediate role,
And carry comfort to each poor dumb soul,
And bridge man's gulf of cruelty and sin
By understanding of his lower kin.
'Twixt weary driver and the straining steed
On wings of mercy would my spirit speed,
And each should know, before his journey's end,
That in the other dwelt a loving friend.

From zoo and jungle, and from cage and stall,
I would translate each inarticulate call,
Each pleading look, each frenzied act and cry,
And tell the story to each passer-by;
And of a spirit's privilege possessed,
Pursue indifference to its couch of rest,
And whisper in its ear until in awe
It woke and knew God's all-embracing law
Of Universal Life—the One in All.

Lord, let this mission to my lot befall.

DO YOU THINK?

Do you think, Mr. Angell, it is a good plan to have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and societies for the prevention of cruelty to children united in one organization?

Answer: I think, for various reasons, that it is much better for both societies to be entirely separate from the other, as they are in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and various other American cities and all [so far as I know] foreign cities. There is work enough for both, and I think they will get a greater amount of money to do it when separated than when united. Of course there can be no objection to the same persons belonging to both societies if they want to. I am a life-member of our Boston animal societies and also glad to be a life-member of the Children's Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

POLICE DOGS IN HOLLAND.

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased, it became apparent that night crimes, even in the worst quarters of Ghent, almost disappeared. Cunning ruffians had often contrived to outwit the soldiery patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed and sagacious dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evil-doers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty guards, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that man and dog can always count on their neighbors' support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that they visit every yard of their beat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night-guards are used by day they get extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night-watch.

Relating the achievements of his dogs, M. Van Wesemael told of an arrest by one of them named Beer. One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. The fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg. The moment the officer appeared Beer gave up his prisoner and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened—sobered even—the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled. This was promptly done, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep.

Tom is another dog no less alert. One winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at anxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's colleague came along and asked about the sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglars. He is a record racer of great weight and strength, long and lean of fang, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that not even point blank revolver shots will turn him from his duty. He has been wounded more than once and has narrowly escaped death.—*Century.*

ANIMAL FACTS.

In mentioning a series of curious facts concerning animals, the *Dundee Advertiser* says: "Unlike most animals, horses have no eyebrows. The eye of the owl is also very peculiar, seeing that it is immovably fixed in its socket and can not stir in any direction. To compensate for this seeming disadvantage, it can turn its head almost completely around without moving its body."

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their
feet!

They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursing from the nest.

John Ruskin.

Maker of earth, and sea, and sky,
Creation's sovereign Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high
And formed alike the sparrow's wing.
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they toil, for us they die,
These humble creatures Thou hast made.
How shall we dare their rights deny,
On whom Thy seal of love is laid?
Teach Thou our hearts to hear their plea,
As Thou dost man's in prayer to Thee.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

(Translated from the French of A. de Beaupre.)

AZAMET THE HERMIT AND HIS DUMB FRIENDS.

Azamet the vizier had been raised by Sultan Mahmoud to the highest office in the empire. As soon as he was established in his position he tried to reform many abuses; but the nobles and imams plotted against him.

Deprived of his property and deserted by his friends, Azamet withdrew to the wilderness of Khorasan, where he lived alone in a hut of his own building, and planted a little garden by the side of a brook.

He had lived a hermit's life for two years, when Usbeck, one of his old friends, found his dwelling-place.

The sage met the vizier about a mile from his hut; the two friends recognized each other and embraced, while Usbeck shed tears; Azamet, on the contrary, smiled, and his eyes beamed with joy. "Thanks be to God who gives strength to the unfortunate," said Usbeck. "The man who had a gorgeous palace in the rich plains of Ghilem is contented with a hut in the wildest part of Khorasan!"

Presently when they drew near Azamet's hut they heard a young horse neigh, and saw him come galloping to meet them. When he came near Azamet he caressed him and ran home before him.

Usbeck saw two fine heifers come from a pasture near by, and run back and forth near Azamet, as if offering him their milk; they began to follow him. Soon after, two goats, with their kids, ran down from a steep rock, showing, by their gambols, their delight at seeing their master, and began to frolic around him.

Then four or five sheep came out of a little orchard, bleating and bounding, to lick Azamet's hand as he patted them, smiling. At



THE MARKET PLACE IN OLD BOSTON, ENGLAND.

the same moment, a few pigeons and a multitude of other birds which were chirping on the trees in the orchard flew upon his head and shoulders. He went into the little yard near his cabin, and a cock saw him and crowed for joy; at this noise several hens ran, cackling, to greet their master.

But the signs of joy and love which all these animals showed were as nothing compared to those of two white dogs that were waiting for Azamet at the door. They did not run to meet him, but seemed to show him that they had been faithful sentinels over the house which their master had placed in their care. As soon, however, as he entered they caressed him lovingly, fawning upon him, throwing themselves at his feet, and only leaping up to lick his hands. When he gave them caresses they seemed beside themselves with delight, and stretched themselves at their master's feet.

Usbeck smiled at this sight. "Well!" said the vizier, "you see that I am now as I have been from childhood—the friend of all created things. I tried to make men happy, but they could not let me. I make these animals happy, and I take pleasure in their affection and gratitude. You see that even though I am in the wilderness of Khorasan, I have companions and love am beloved."

TWO YOUNG HEROES.

There comes to our table a most interesting account of two Band of Mercy boys who determined to feed the half-starved horses and cattle of a cruel man in their town. They drew from the savings bank a part of their little savings and at night, after the man and family were asleep, loaded their sleds with grain and went to his barn and fed the half-starved animals. What they had done aroused the humane sentiment of the town and compelled the farmer to thereafter properly feed and care for his stock, and the boys received several valuable presents from new friends. Another interesting account comes to us of how two Band of Mercy boys in a

town thirteen miles from Boston carried in the night a bag of oats to the stable of a well-to-do man who was half starving his horse, and on it wrote, "A Present from Our Band of Mercy." This became the talk of the town, and resulted in a great improvement of the treatment of the horse. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CATTLE KING.

"A king, a cattle king," was what they called him, this man who came loaded with diamonds and free with money, to spend the winter in a mild Southern city. A king, and yet no royal blood in his veins! A self-made monarch—and his subjects? Only the loving herds in the far-off West. His kingdom the frozen plains where his cattle are dying. For it is cheaper to lose half his subjects than to feed and protect the whole! He has left his ice-bound home, has closed his ears to the suffering beasts; he wraps his great coat close about him and seeks pleasure! Can he shut out the cries that are piercing the winter nights beyond that mountain chain out towards the setting sun? Do not dreams of the cattle—his subjects—suffering, starving, freezing and dead, haunt the pillow of this king? Murder!—surely this king did no murder. There is no blood on his hands. He only lets his dumb beasts starve or freeze to death—that is all!

But there is another King!—a King whose kingdom is the Universe—"And the cattle upon a thousand hills are His!" How will the cattle king stand on the day when deeds stand witness for and against us, and balanced against his gold will be the cattle—God's cattle—which he left on the plains without food or shelter, to die of slow starvation, that he might have more gold."—New Orleans Picayune.

We most respectfully ask our brother editors, who receive this paper, to help us stop this terrible starvation.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser of August 9.)
HOW ANIMALS CURE THEMSELVES.

That the dog possesses a marked surgical instinct is verified by numerous instances out of the commonplace. A Rev. Mr. Young, who was engaged for a long time in missionary work in northwestern Canada, had among his dogs, of which a large number was necessary for drawing his sleds, one Rover.

This dog not only attended its own wounds, but actually performed the duties of surgeon to all of its fellows. Galls, wounds, frozen feet and other like unpleasantries consequent upon the peculiar toil they had to perform were systematically and successfully treated by "Dr." Rover.

He had one remedy, the anointing of the afflicted part with his saliva. Wherever he applied his remedy the cure was speedy. It was noticed that parts of the toes of the dog patients which could not be reached by the dog doctor's tongue went unhealed.

Mr. Young says that the Indians in admiration of the canine's wonderful learning called him Muskeke Atim, meaning the surgeon. This instance shows that the saliva of the dog when that animal is in health and properly fed has a powerful bactericidal effect.

But the dog is not alone in the possession of this means for curing the various ills to which his tribe is heir. Cats, cattle, rats, mice and monkeys are all known to lick their wounds when they can get at them, and when they cannot do so they endeavor to get their companions to perform this office for them.

If the queer little worlds which they know were possessed of newspapers intelligible to them, it would doubtless be true that they would be frequent contributors to these columns devoted to home remedies, and they would tell in glowing and convincing language how they had tried this method with such success that they would have no other.

The Johns Hopkins men who are inquiring into this subject now call attention to an incident narrated by Dr. James Weir, in which a large monkey figured. The monkey scratched his shoulder badly on a nail which projected from the side of his cage.

Immediately upon sustaining the injury the queer creature went to a corner and selected a handful of clean sawdust to place until the bleeding stopped, which was in but a few moments.

The sawdust was saturated with blood, which had dried and formed a most excellent coating for the wound, protecting it until entirely well.

It should be mentioned that the dog's medical instinct does not halt at the saliva treatment. He is a physician as well as a surgeon.

The dog that goes searching around in the field with apparent aimlessness and finally settles down to chew up some most unattractive and unpalatable greens is taking a prescription taught him by nature.

The blades he eats are those of the couch grass—which your physician would probably designate on his prescription blank as *triticum repens* and it performs the offices of a purgative.

Instances could be recited at length of animal display of the medical instinct. Horses, and even the less intelligent mules, eat clay when they are afflicted with a stomachic disorder, commonly designated by the veterinarian as "sours."

Cattle suffering with eczema have frequently been known to plaster an affected hoof and joint with mud. Dr. Weir tells of a cow which deliberately broke the ice on a pond in the winter and treated her itching joint to a bath of mud.

The fondness of the domestic cat for catnip is not a condition of mind attendant upon the enjoyment of absolute health, for it is only when the feline is feeling somewhat "under the weather" that it will seek the solace of the soothing properties of this vegetation.

Under such circumstances cats have been known to travel miles to get the catnip.

Not the least remarkable of all the achievements of dumb creatures in the line of surgery and medicine are those of the birds. Dr. George M. Gould cites instances of woodcock killed, which, when examined, were found to be recovering from previous wounds inflicted by hunters.

Such wounds, made by small shot in the body of the bird, were neatly dressed with down plucked from the stems of feathers and deftly arranged about

the injured place. This work was evidently done with the beak of the bird.

The skill of members of the feathered tribe in building their dainty nests is testimony to their ability in accomplishing work of this character with "neatness and dispatch." Of the success of this work Dr. Gould bears witness in the statement that the woodcock were found to be convalescent from old wounds.

The same authority tells of cases of bone-setting by birds, which would be beyond belief if man was not already familiar with the marvelous intelligence of the lower creatures.

Birds, which have fallen into the hands of naturalists and which had previously sustained serious wounds on the legs, were found to have actually reinforced the dressing of down with small straws or twigs just as doctor would set a broken limb in splints before applying bandages.

THE ELEPHANT.

"In talking about the intelligence and remarkable memories of elephants Mr. Bostock [who has been a trainer and exhibitor of animals all his life] said: 'The elephant is the most intelligent of animals. It is the easiest to train, the most good tempered and interesting of all.'

"Speaking of the memories for persons and events that elephants have, I would like to tell you an instance that came under my own eyes some years ago when I was in England. My father was the manager of a show, but he having died my mother was in charge. We had several elephants, and one of them was of unusual size. He was within three or four inches as tall as Jumbo and a trifle heavier.

"In the rural places where we were exhibiting at the time it was the custom of the people to have large baskets of apples placed by the side of the road after they had been picked from the trees. This particular day our show was passing along a street and the elephants all ate of the apples.

"Not long after the big elephant was taken very ill. He laid down on the ground and was apparently unable to get up. We did not know whether he had been poisoned or not. Finally a chemist was called and he gave the elephant some physic.

"It did not appear to do much good. For hours the animal lay on the ground and the chemist kept giving him medicine. Bystanders jeered at the man for his apparently unsuccessful efforts. Finally, however, the elephant began to revive, and at last stood up on his feet.

"Seven years later we happened to visit this same town again. The big elephant was drawing a chariot with two others in the lead, tandem fashion. We were passing along the street when the elephant suddenly paused and walked up to a man standing on the sidewalk. She placed her trunk around the waist of the man, lifted him up in the air and drew him to her. She began to caress him, purring loudly all the while.

"Come to find out, this was the chemist who had cured the animal of her sickness seven years before. The man remembered the elephant and the elephant remembered the man. At the performance which we gave the chemist was among the spectators.

"When the time came for the big elephant to appear she walked right over to the chemist and raised him from the ground and hugged him so close that it was uncomfortable. But we could not release him until the elephant was ready. The elephant purred like a cat for almost twenty minutes." —Boston Journal.

IRISH WIT.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and it was Your Reverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

Sacred Heart Review.

(From Boston Evening Transcript.)

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,
President Lincoln's Secretary of War.

The school children of Steubenville, Ohio, have contributed the money for a memorial tablet to be placed on the house where the great war secretary was born. One of the Steubenville people who knew him in his early manhood tells of an incident that occurred while he was practising law in Pittsburg. His mother lived in Steubenville. Stanton was accustomed to return home frequently by boat on the Ohio. One evening, when he came on board he saw a poor Irishman lying on the forward deck. He investigated, and learned that the poor fellow had fallen through a hatchway and broken his leg. The fracture remained unset and uncared for. The young lawyer went to the captain and asked what the neglect meant. The captain replied that the Irishman lived in Pittsburg and could be attended to when he got home. Making no comment on the inhumanity, Stanton went to the boat carpenter's chest and borrowed a saw and axe. He took a stick of wood, cut such a length as he wanted, then he whittled out a set of splints. Then he went to his state-room, took a sheet from the bed and tore it into bandages. He ordered three or four of the crew to assist. The fracture was reduced, the splints and bandages were applied. Stanton went to the cook-room and ordered prepared a jug of vinegar and water with which to steep the swollen parts. During the ninety miles of the trip from Steubenville he sat by the injured man applying the bath. When the boat reached Pittsburg he hired a hack and took his patient to his home.

THE AMERICAN RAILROAD HOG.

To know the American you must see all sides of him. On a train between Jersey City and Paterson, a poorly dressed woman carrying a baby in her arms walked through two cars and was unable to find a seat. The railroad hog was there. In a dozen cases he had a whole seat to himself and his bundles, and he meant to keep it. The woman finally took a seat in the smoking-car. Soon after, the hog went forward to enjoy a cigar and found her crying.

"What's the matter?"
"Baby is very ill, sir."
"And where are you going?"
"To my sister's. My husband is dead and I have no home."
"Leave you any money?"
"Not a dollar, sir."
"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you this."

The hog had been robbed of his bristles. Woman's tears had melted him. He returned to his car, gathered the other hogs about him and said:

"Come down! Poor widow—sick baby—no home. Come down!"

The hogs went down for their wallets, and in ten minutes a handsome sum was put into the woman's hand, and the boss hog observed:

"There—there—it's all right—not a word! Now come back here!"

She followed him into the next car, and a dozen hogs rose and insisted that she take their seats.

The railroad hog can't be crowded but he can be melted.

Without disparaging the hog, we think it better to be a gentleman than a hog.—[Editor.]

RING, HAPPY BELLS.

Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
Ring out the darkness of the land.
Ring in the Christ that is to be. —Tenayson.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

We deeply regret to learn of the death of the Baroneess Burdett-Coutts, a lady widely known in all Europe and over the world for her kind heart and great charities. When we were in England she stood second only to Queen Victoria in the opinions of all English people. Two of the most interesting incidents of our life were when we were twice invited to dine with her and her friends at her magnificent country estate just outside of London, and lay before her and her friends our plans for promoting humane education in all European countries. We re-publish from page 21 of our Autobiographical Sketches a description of our first interview with the Baroneess Burdett-Coutts:

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

At the close of my address, I was introduced to the secretary of Miss (afterwards Baroneess) Burdett-Coutts, who brought a written invitation from her ladyship to dine with her and a party of friends the next day at six o'clock, at her splendid country-mansion just out of London. I had suffered a good deal in crossing the ocean, was in very delicate health, could sleep but very little nights, and was so weak that I was often dizzy when walking the streets. I considered the invitation a moment, and then told her secretary that I must decline the invitation to dine, but would, with her kind permission, drive out to her house at five o'clock, one hour before, and in that hour put before her my plans, which were to form a "Ladies' Humane Education Society," of which she should be president; which should enlist the best and foremost women of Great Britain, and through her and their influence lead perhaps to the forming of similar societies among the influential women of other nations; *the object being to carry humane education for the protection of man and beast into the schools of all countries*, also to prevent wars when possible, and, when not possible, then to introduce such humane regulations as should make the condition of the sick, wounded and prisoners more tolerable.

I think I never saw any one who seemed more astonished than the gentlemanly secretary when I declined her ladyship's invitation to dine. It was probably the first instance of the kind within his experience. But the fact was that my health and head were in such condition that I probably could not have sat through a formal dinner. The secretary asked me to put in writing what I had said to him, which I did. Next day, June 15, I took a simple lunch, and then a cab to Holly Lodge, Highgate, her residence, where I arrived at five o'clock, and, ordering the cabman to stop, rang the bell. I was ushered into the mansion, and most kindly received. But her ladyship at once said to me that she had invited a party to meet me, and I must remain, after which she would send me to my lodgings.

I remained from five to about eleven P.M. I was invited to look over the beautiful grounds, but was compelled to decline as I did not feel able. I was then invited to see a fine collection of relics from Pompeii; but I did not feel well enough to look at these but a few moments, and then sat down. I was urged to take a seat at the dining-table, but was not equal to that. After dinner the party gathered around, and I had opportunity to tell my mission. It was an evening I shall never forget, nor some of the questions that were asked me by various persons. "Shall you see the Empress Eugenie in Paris about this?"—"Certainly, if Providence opens the way. I did not expect to be here to-night. I shall be glad to talk with the Empress if Providence opens the way."—"Is your American paper to be put on sale in England?"—"No, sir, it is to be given away. I want a similar one established here."—"Don't you want money to help carry on the work in America?"—"No, sir; I came to England to spend money, not to get it." And so on, question after question; until at

last I said in substance this: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not well, and my only object in coming here to-night is this: I understand that Miss Burdett-Coutts [this was before she was Baroneess] is perhaps the wealthiest woman in England, and one of the best. I think it in her power to accomplish more good than any woman has ever accomplished in all history, by entering upon this grand movement to carry humane education into the schools of all nations. I think she can enlist the best women of Great Britain, and then perhaps at the courts of France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and possibly other countries, to form similar organizations, and so bring an immense power to bear, not only in preventing cruelty to God's lower creatures, but also to even prevent or mitigate the severity of wars." Thus the evening passed away. I gave the Baroneess a file of "Our Dumb Animals," and some books I had obtained in London; and at about eleven o'clock stood in the doorway, not knowing what impression I had made, to bid her good by. "You will come and see me again, Mr. Angell, when you return from the Continent, will you not?" said Miss Coutts, as she took my hand. I thought a moment, and then said, "If anything is to be done about this business, and I can help you, I will come with pleasure; but, if nothing is to be done about it, I don't know why I should ever call again."

I did not understand Miss Coutts to promise anything. My present impression is that she did not personally ask me any questions, only listened to what others said to me, and I to them; but she either did promise, or determined to and thought she did; for a few weeks later she wrote *The London Times* that she had promised an American gentleman, Mr. Angell, that she would do all she could to promote humane education, and would redeem that promise by calling upon all teachers, the Council of Education, and the National Society's Board of Education, to introduce humane teachings into the schools. This letter coming from a lady, who, next to the Queen, was probably more highly respected than any other in Great Britain, was widely republished, and of course attracted great attention. It first appeared in *The London Times* of Sept. 14, 1869.

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN.

Perhaps the future historian may tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century—more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armor-clad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon—more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity—more important than all prisons and penitentiaries—was the discovery of the simple fact that the tap roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier. That on the continent of North America, in the city of Boston, on the 16th day of January, 1889, was organized the first incorporated society in the world—*The American Humane Education Society*—for the specific object of awakening the world to the importance of this discovery—that through the American press, by prizes and otherwise, it succeeded in attracting the attention, sympathy and aid of Christians, patriots and philanthropists of all nations—that through its "Bands of Mercy" and an immense free distribution of humane literature it succeeded in reaching the children, not only in every American school, but also in every American home—that in all the schools,

I don't

prizes and honors were given to those that most excelled in acts of kindness—that the children of the criminal classes were reached, because every criminal, by the commission of crime, forfeited the right of custody of his children, which were taken by State Boards of Charities and placed in surroundings suitable to make them good citizens—that a public sentiment was built up which made the rich kind to the poor, the poor kind to the rich, and all crimes and cruelties infamous, and so in process of time every form of unnecessary human and animal suffering was relieved, and wars, cruelty and crime banished, because every child was taught in all public, private and Sunday-schools, and in a hundred thousand free kindergartens, supported at public expense, to make its own life happier by seizing every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make happier the lives of others, both human and dumb, and that the highest honors of the state and nation were due to those who did the most to increase the nation's happiness.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WINTER TIME.

Oh, hear the wind blow!
Very soon we'll have snow,
And what will the boys do then?
They'll bring out their skates
And call to their mates,
"Jack Frost is with us again!"

"Yes, Jack has come back,
There's ice in his pack,
He's as busy as busy can be!
He freezes the creeks,
He pinches the cheeks,
And hangs little pearls on the trees."

"Oh, now we can slide,
On sleds see us glide;
Just look at the snowman so high,
We made him to-day;
For awhile he will stay;
He'll melt in the sun by and by."

Jack Frost loves the boys,
He laughs at their noise,
And peeps in their windows at night;
And then in a trice
Draws pictures in ice
That glisten and shine in the light.
Kindergarten Review.



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1907.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone Richmond 572.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month eighty-nine new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of sixty-nine thousand six hundred and seventy-three.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than five.

OUR NAVY AND CONGRESS.

Our navy and congress by their prompt action in connection with the Jamaica earthquake, have, we hope, done more to promote peace on earth than could have been done by a hundred battles and the destruction of millions of property and thousands of human lives.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY AND INCREASE OF WORK.

At the January meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 16th, President Angell reported that we have added three rooms to our offices and will occupy a whole floor in the Goddard Building, have increased our working force by the appointment of another agent, and that one thousand five hundred and forty-eight animals have been examined in the investigation of complaints during the month, twenty-eight horses taken from work, and one hundred and thirty-five horses and other animals humanely killed.

Eighty-nine new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month, making a total of sixty-nine thousand six hundred and seventy-three.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 3 Stafford Street. Tel. 288-3.

For South-Eastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—Charles A. Currier, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, James R. Hathaway, Charles F. Clark, James Duckering, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

OUR OFFICES HAVE BEEN A WORKSHOP.

The work of our two humane societies has grown so enormously that, with all the storage we have had outside, our rooms have been so crowded as to make it uncomfortable for people calling to see us. We are glad to say that we have now been able to add three rooms to those we have before occupied and shall hope to make all friends calling upon us more comfortable until we can get a building of our own.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DO YOU ALWAYS KEEP BUSY,
MR. ANGELL?

Answer: We have vastly more work coming to us than it is possible for us to do, in consequence of which we cannot personally give attention to one letter in twenty that comes to us. In the morning after breakfast the first thing is to get a little idea of what has been going on in the world during the last twenty-four hours, then comes our secretary with letters to be answered, a pile of newspapers, magazines, and frequently humane books to be considered, questions to be answered, plans to be decided upon, and other things too numerous to mention. In consideration of the audience which our little paper addresses every month [probably one of the widest and most influential in the world] it requires a very considerable amount of labor to select from a great mass of material [books, papers and letters] what will, on the whole, be

likely to command the widest and most useful reading, always remembering that while it goes to all our clergy, lawyers, doctors, and a great variety of people in our state, it also goes to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines, who in their turn address, it may be, sixty millions of people. We have no assistant editor; we select every article, decide its location, and dictate every editorial. Of course we find but little time to talk with people unless upon important matters to which it seems necessary that we should give particular attention.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON.

Our secretary, calling the other day at one of Boston's principal editorial offices to obtain the loan of a beautiful cut, had no sooner mentioned "*Our Dumb Animals*" than a gentleman [treasurer of one of our best known Boston corporations], sitting with the editor, said with great emphasis, "*'Our Dumb Animals' is the best paper in Boston.*" The editor followed with remarks almost equally eulogistic.

We will only add in regard to that remark that *we are trying to make it the best paper in the world*; and we are quite sure that no other paper goes every month like ours into over 20,000 editorial offices, *including all on this continent north of Mexico*.

The gentleman above referred to added that our paper "*was doing more good than any other published in Boston.*"

We do not say that—but with the nearly seventy thousand "Bands of Mercy" it represents, and more than three million copies of "Black Beauty" it has caused to be circulated, and millions of copies of its other humane publications, it is possible it is doing quite as much for the honor of Massachusetts and to promote over our country and the world a kind feeling towards our old Commonwealth, as some of its larger contemporaries.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

KIND WORDS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Among the kind words that came to us on New Year's Day none gave us greater pleasure than the following:

THE DOVES AND SPARROWS WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The doves send you their greetings,

The little sparrows, too;

Each have ask'd me to thank you

For all the good you do,

By feeding them each morning,

Yet never asking pay;

It makes their life so happy,

And drives hunger away.

So they whisper'd in my ear

With a soft, dove-like coo,

"We send him our best wishes,

Give him our love most true."

The little sparrows heard them,

Gladly caught the refrain,

Chirping "Send our best wishes,

Our best wishes again."

Their little throats seem'd bursting

With their soft, bird-like trill,

"May God bless our 'good Angell,'

We sing his praises still."

Then all joined in the chorus,

With their hearts full of cheer,

"Tell him how much we love him,

And wish him a Happy New Year."

"Merciful treatment of animals should be taught from the pulpit and in our Sunday-schools as a most imperative Christian duty."—Bishop W. X. Ninds.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President: JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

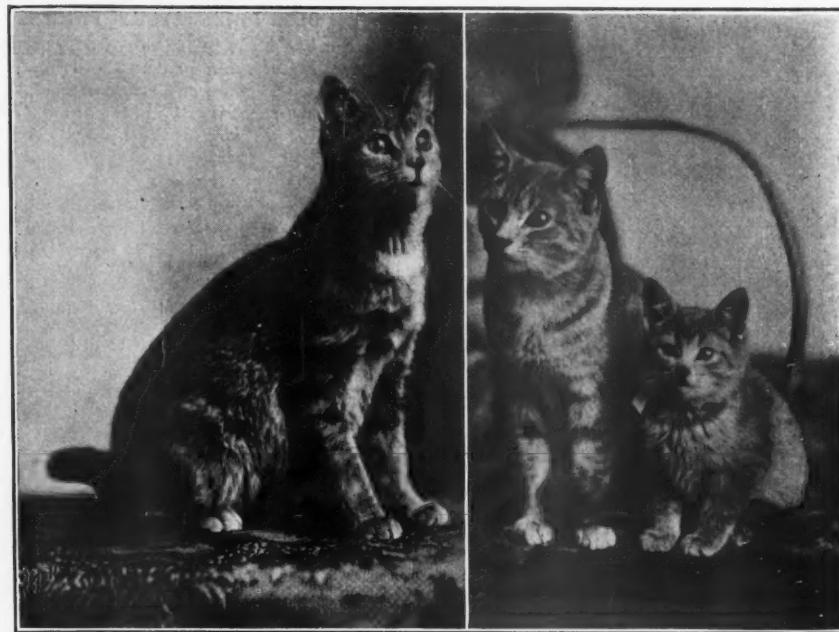
3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrolment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



"HONEY."

From the Cat Journal, Rochester, N. Y.

HONEY'S BABIES.

DENNIS THE COACHMAN.

"Dennis," sez she, "Ye'll find them kittens," sez she, "and ye'll drown them kittens," sez she.

"Dade, an' I won't thin. It's a decent b'y I am, and it's not for drowning kittens and that like dirty work that I kem here at all.

"And what's this in the bar'l? Marcy, presarve us! it's Tab and the kittens! Shure now, Tab, what for would ye serve me such a mane trick as to put yourself right here foreinst me very nose! That's the most unkindest cut of all! And it's dead ye ought to be yourself."

Tabby stood up. She arched her back, and waved her tail, and sang Dennis a sweet song, and the heart of Dennis melted within him.

"Bedad!" quoth Dennis, "it's a black shame to murther the little bastes!" And Tabby arched her back and sang her siren song.

Suddenly the stairs creaked. Tab's eyes glared wildly at Dennis. Dennis started guiltily as he looked at Tab. Stealthy footsteps approached the barrel. "Dennis! Dennis!", cried Connie, "where are the kittens? Cook says Tab has some kittens, and you're going to drown them. But you won't, will you, Dennis dear. Please, please, don't drown them!"

"You're not to drown those kittens, you know, Dennis," said Rex. "They belong to us—to Connie and me."

"O Rex! here they are in the barrel. One, two, three, four, five, six, dear, darling kittens, all squirming about. O Dennis! do put them all in my apron," and she held it out, and looked at him with blue, beseeching eyes.

"And what will I say to horr?" said Dennis, pointing upward.

"It's none of her business," said Rex. "I guess we can do as we like with our kittens. Give the kittens to Connie, and I'll take old Tab, and we'll hide 'em in the barn where she can't find 'em."

Dennis went cautiously to the foot of the stairs and listened. Then he said, "Whish! She's not there at all. Run, me darlins! Stand not upon the orther of your goin'!"

Journal of Education.

"The man who tortures animals is a dangerous member of society. He is a degenerate, who would commit just such crimes upon the human race, were it not for his fear of punishment."

The American Field on Human Degeneracy.

MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

When the north wind whistles 'round the house
Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—

My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face;
As I tell her about the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

Florence A. Jones.

From Pets and Animals.

HEROISM OF WAR AGAINST WAR.

I like war against war because when you speak or write for it you are already on the firing line yourself and do not expect somebody else to stand behind the gun. I like it because it is born of heaven, and not of hell, of Christ and God, and not of Cain and Satan. I like it because it teaches me to love and save my brother, and not to hate and kill him, to believe in the goodness of human nature, and not to think evil of it until I have to. I like it because in this age and land of heroes and heroines, of nurses and missionaries, of educators and benefactors, it presupposes the character of a noble soul. I like it because it expects of us a heart that is large enough to take in not only our country, but the world. I like it because it stands for justice and common sense, for the home and productive work, for religion and culture, for the relief of humanity's needless burdens and untimely sorrows. The laurel wreath of fame such as the soldier of no other war ever wore, an immortality of gratitude among all mankind, and the blessing of sonship to a God of love and pity are theirs who, not with the sword nor the gun, but with the voice and with the pen, and by every means that will lead the nations from darkness into light, shall do battle for this cause, earth's noblest cause, the reign of peace.—From a Peace Address by Rev. James L. Tryon, Christmas, 1906.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling* silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rownsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, *come to the Supper of our Lord*, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever!' *What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion*, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!"

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added *solitary confinement* without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by *lead pipes* or *lead-lined tanks*.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through *galvanized iron pipes*.

(3) Avoid using *anything acid* which has been kept in a *tin can*.

(4) When grippé or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

THE POWER OF
THE TELE-
PHONE.

Some years ago we addressed at one of the large hotels of Chicago the homeopathic physicians of that city on the poisonous and dangerous adulterations of foods, drinks and medicines, to the investigation of which we had given a good deal of time and money. At the close of our address one of the physicians who resided at the extreme north end of the city told us that he had a patient residing at the extreme south end of the city, some eight miles or more distant, and that he had recently been called up at midnight by telephone to say that the little child of the patient had an attack of croup or something, with great difficulty to get breath. He telephoned back: "Bring the child to the telephone and let it cough," and then at once told the parents he would relieve the child in a few minutes. He telephoned an apothecary near the child to send immediately a prescription which he ordered, and in a few minutes the child was relieved.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



STATUE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD
IN THE HALL OF FAME.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

There comes to our table a beautiful book of stories, poems, etc., of one hundred and ninety-six pages, with thirty-one pictorial illustrations, written by Miss Anna A. Gordon, vice-president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a life-long friend of Miss Frances E. Willard. With her kind permission we publish from its first pages a story of "Toots," a famous angora cat to which Frances E. Willard was devotedly attached and whose home has been, and perhaps is now, at Rest Cottage, Evanston, Illinois, a place well known to all members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the world over. By Miss Gordon's kind permission, we also present to our readers a picture of the statue of Frances E. Willard, standing in the Hall of Fame. A good many years ago we spent several summers in Boston's beautiful suburb, Auburndale. We had on the bank of the Charles River a boat-house, and in it our boat "Madge," a very large, light, flat-bottom boat which was carpeted like a parlor. In that boat, not unfrequently, we were in the habit of taking six or more little girls [seated on the floor of the boat, that they might not tumble overboard] out on the river for a boat-ride and a picnic, for which we supplied cake and lemon-

ade, and sometimes took them down to Waltham for an ice-cream. If our memory serves us rightly, Anna A. Gordon was one of those little girls. She is now known the world over by hundreds of thousands of women connected with the great organization, both in America and Europe, to which she has so prominently belonged.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"TOOTS."

(From "Toots" and Other Stories, by Anna Adams Gordon.)

"Toots" was a really remarkable cat. His mother was born in far-away Asia, and when this pure white angora cat came to Rest Cottage a baby kitten of seven weeks, he looked just like a ball of cotton batting with big, bright eyes. He was devotedly fond of us all and sang for us the most beautiful kitty songs, and while he did not enjoy petting, as most cats do, he had his own way of showing affection, having a most social disposition and loving to get as near to his friends as possible. We were all very busy at Rest Cottage and Toots seemed to understand that we could not pay him much attention; but he would curl himself down contentedly on our writing-tables, or in a scrap basket, or in a desk drawer—should it chance to be open—occasionally giving us a glance of interest and



MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,
President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and
Vice-President of the World's Woman's Christian
Temperance Union.

A SONG OF WINTER.

Sing a song of rapture,
Gayly everywhere!
Four and twenty thousand
Snow-flakes in the air.

Sing a song of sleigh-bells
Ringing loud and clear,
While the roguish urchins
Follow in the rear!

Sing a song of sledding—
Now the sport's begun!
Four and twenty snow-birds
Looking at the fun!

Sing a song of sunshine,
For the storm is o'er;
Gay old earth is laughing
At the marble floor.

sympathy, as much as to say, "How are you getting along now?"

He dearly loved a frolic, and his favorite fun was playing hide-and-seek, which he entered into with wonderful zest, finding it extremely hard to wait for the signal which allowed him to begin to hunt. His fondness for flowers was, perhaps, his most interesting trait, and the rich fragrance of violets, roses, or carnations, proved so strong a temptation to him that it never was safe to leave any of these beauties within his reach. One evening when a bowl of fresh carnations had been placed upon the parlor table, "Mr. Toots," as our Eda called him, walked in and immediately detected the exquisite perfume. Springing upon the table, he selected the choicest flowers from the bouquet—a cluster of three pinks on one stem—and drawing them carefully from the vase, he carried them in triumph to the floor.

I gently chided him for such selfishness, telling him that he should not have selected the largest and prettiest posies of all, then taking them from him I replaced them in the bowl. In an instant he was on the table again, and with a naughty toss of his head he jumped to the floor with the same flowers in his mouth. A second time I took them from him, and his eager eyes watched me as I again replaced them. To make good his loss, however, I

gave him a single short-stemmed flower, with which I felt he ought to be contented. Taking the pink in his paws, the graceful creature played with it a few minutes, when suddenly, with a quick glance at me, he again sprang upon the table, with the solitary posy in his mouth, and dropping the flower back into the vase, he seized the coveted trio of blossoms with a defiant air that seemed to say, "There, you may have that poor little pink if you want it, but it isn't my choice, by any means!"

His daily rambles were taken on the roof of Rest Cottage. There he would sit by the hour, watching the passers-by or looking longingly at the doves, whose cosy "cote" was not far away. Toots always was considered one of the family and was so well-behaved a feline that once in a while he was allowed to have his own chair at the table where he sat most demurely, evidently appreciating the high honor which so often is denied to juvenile members of a household.

Handsome Toots! His keen intelligence, his beauty, and his bright ways won for him a host of friends, and he was a much loved pet of Frances E. Willard.

ABOUT THE CAT.

There comes to our table on this January 2 a very beautifully printed volume of 237 pages, with eleven pictorial illustrations, written by S. Louise Patteson and published by George W. Jacobs & Company, of Philadelphia, which is intended to do for the cat what "Black Beauty" has done for the horse and "Beautiful Joe" for the dog. Its introduction is written by Cleveland's well-known writer, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, and from it we give the following: "I have read with great interest this true story of 'Pussy Meow,' written by one who, in the midst of a very busy life, finds time to be a devoted friend to the speechless, and to study their nature and habits. The life of the author has been full of noble deeds for animals, and I am glad of an opportunity to say how much I wish all women would do likewise. The book abounds in practical suggestions about the care, the food, the comfort, and the needs of the animal world, blended so pleasantly with the story that both young people and adults will find it charming and helpful."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SUFFERINGS OF TRAPPED ANIMALS.

There comes to our table in the *Vegetarian Magazine* a powerful appeal for something to be done to relieve the terrible sufferings of animals caught by hunters in traps. It is a subject that has attracted a good deal of attention in England, and about which we have written at various times. We doubt whether any laws can be enacted to prevent this suffering. The only way we can see of reaching it is through a widespread humane education, Bands of Mercy, and a determination on the part of ladies to decline to purchase articles which have been obtained through such cruelty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEBRASKA STATE JOURNAL.

We find in the *Nebraska State Journal* a statement by Mr. Rollins, of Lincoln, Neb.:

"Last week one day two well-dressed young men called at the office and desired the use of a handsome rig for a sleighing party of four. Accordingly they were provided with the finest turn-out the place could afford, including a handsome little team which Mr. Rollins rarely allowed to be driven by any one except himself or his most trusted employees. About ten o'clock in the evening, *one of the coldest of the month*, he heard the jingle of bells and went out into the street—there to find his two beautiful ponies, tired and jaded, trembling in every limb, hiding between the brick pile and the open cellar near by—not knowing exactly whether they dare go up to the stable door and demand admittance.

"Mr. R. said that they had been heated but were shivering with the cold and required several hours of rubbing and watching before it was safe to leave them for the night.

"It was an occasion just such as the one here described that aroused Geo. T. Angell, of Boston, and caused him to give up the practice of law and to take up the work for dumb animals, etc., etc."

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

When I was a little girl we lived in the country about a mile from the little schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally took us over in the morning, and we stayed at school during the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often toward the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats, and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him, and he ended his days with us.—*Youth's Companion*.

A FRIEND OF ANIMALS.

By the death of Mrs. Mary A. Johnson, at Cambridge, on December 13, 1906, animals have lost one of their best friends, whose heart was full of sympathy for their sufferings which her life was really sacrificed in efforts to prevent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HIS HOLINESS A FRIEND OF ANIMALS.

Pius X. has not only expressed his warm approval of the excellent work accomplished by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Naples, which has now a branch establishment in every important town and city throughout Italy, but has likewise issued a special blessing for all who "protect from abuse and cruelty the dumb servants given to us by God." While the Catholic Church has always taught kindness to animals, this is the first occasion of any official pronouncement on the subject by a pope and it is therefore worthy of being placed on record.

The Catholic Advance.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CHINA.

We are delighted to see that President Roosevelt asked power from congress to send in government vessels provisions for the starving millions of China. This is the kind of warfare which will give us the respect and gratitude of all nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE COST OF WAR.

Profoundly impressive was the statement of Senator Hale of Maine in debate in the United States Senate on Tuesday. "I don't know that the people of the country appreciate it, and I don't know that the Senate does," said Mr. Hale, "that two-thirds of the revenues of the country to-day are devoted to the payment of the burdens of past wars, like pensions, and expenditures in view of future wars." Think what that means. Two-thirds of all the federal revenues going to pay for the past and future killing of fellow-men.

Springfield Republican.

When the Duke of Wellington was fighting in Spain there were two horses which had always drawn the same gun, side by side, in many battles. At last, one was killed, and the other, on having his food brought as usual, refused to eat, but turned his head round to look for his old friend, and neighed many times as if to call him. All care was in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them; and he soon afterwards died, *not having once tasted food since his former companion was killed.*

Feed the Birds in Winter.

MYSTERIES OF BIRD MIGRATION.

A recent writer in the *Youth's Companion* alludes to the case of the mysterious migration of the chimney-swifts, who go nobody knows where for five months of the year. In the autumn their movements can be followed until the various bands gather into one on the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Suddenly one day they are found to have disappeared, and in the spring they reappear as mysteriously.

Many birds undertake very long migrations whose extent can be traced. The night-hawk is said to have a summer home in Alaska and a winter home in Argentina, traveling the 7000 miles twice a year. The plover has been found in June in the "barren grounds" of the Arctic Circle as far north as latitude 81 degrees, where it rears its young in the moss. In August it goes to Labrador for the crowberry, and then to the Antilles. After this again it strikes afresh for the South and reaches Southern Argentina and Patagonia, later on going back to the Arctic.

The same writer has note of the inexplicable phenomena of the red-eyed vireo. This bird winters in Central America and appears each spring at the Mississippi, traveling only twenty miles a day, as far as Nebraska. But then suddenly in twenty-four hours numbers of the birds appear in British Columbia, a thousand miles away.—*New Century Path.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR FORESTS.

In the *Boston Herald* of December 25 we find a very important editorial on the above subject, showing that the contribution of Vermont alone for Christmas of 1905 was not less than a million and a half of young spruces, balsams and hemlocks, and that this year the destruction has been still larger, while Maine, New Hampshire and other states furnish their quota. These trees are cut down recklessly and hauled to the nearest railway station for inspection by the buyers, and about sixty per cent of these trees are rejected and useless, and in regard to the plucking of ground evergreens for Christmas, there is fear that it will result in the extermination of such plants in many sections of the country. We hereby ask all the about twenty thousand editors who receive our paper and our nearly seventy thousand Bands of Mercy to kindly use their influence to stop this destruction of our forests and evergreens.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

WHAT A BOSTON LADY DID.

A lady dressed with excellent taste was passing up Washington street recently on a very cold day, when she noticed a horse whose blanket had fallen off. Many other ladies and gentlemen were passing and it required some moral courage (as the world goes) for her to stop, take up the blanket, spread it over the horse and tuck it under the harness. But she did it, and did it well. Her mercy was thrice blessed, for it blessed not only the giver and the receiver, but the stranger who witnessed the act.

We are profoundly grateful to England for the book *Black Beauty*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"IN THE FIRE OF THE HEART."
By Ralph Waldo Trine.

We have taken a deep interest in the above-named book which we have recently received from Mr. Trine's publishers, McClure, Phillips and Company, of New York City. It sets forth in strong language the great perils of our country at the present time, growing out of the differences between capital and labor, and is deserving of most careful reading of every well-wisher for our country's future. It is one of the various books of Mr. Trine since he first won the prize of our American Humane Education Society, offered to all college students in America for the best essay on the effect of "Humane Education for the Prevention of Crime." We think if Mr. Carnegie could be induced to read it, it might result in a vastly greater good to our country and the world than all the large sums he has been giving to public libraries. We wish it might result in the formation of societies in all our cities for the prevention of poverty and crime, which should give to every man, able to work, and who could not obtain employment, some means of honestly earning a reasonable wage until he could obtain better, even if the work were no more useful than carrying bricks from one side of a road to another and then returning them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HONEST PEOPLE.

There are lots of honest people in this world. Some years ago my doctor, experimenting for the cure of asthma, ordered one prescription after another up to the number of perhaps half-a-dozen. On carrying in the last to that prominent druggist, the late Theodore Metcalf, he said to me quietly, "I think, Mr. Angell, the less of this stuff you take the better off you will be."

In Jacksonville, Florida, some years ago I called upon a druggist [an entire stranger] and asked who was the best doctor in Jacksonville to treat asthma. He replied promptly that Dr. Sabal was undoubtedly the best physician in Jacksonville to treat asthma, but added that the doctor had never sent him a prescription in his life.

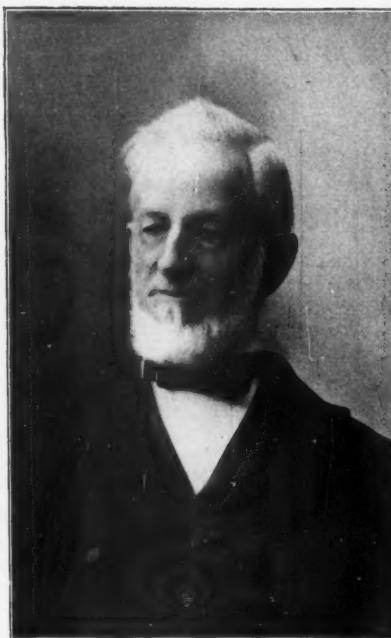
Some time ago I consulted a Boston dentist, asking him what improvement he could make on my teeth. It was a good chance for him to get \$15 or \$20, but he replied that he would not advise any change.

There are lots of honest people in the world.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

EVERY NEW BAND OF MERCY.

Every new Band of Mercy opens another door through which we can pour our humane publications and education into new schools and homes. Even if it should so happen that a member should never attend a second meeting of the Band, the first would never be forgotten. We could never have established the Illinois Humane Society [to the establishment of which we gave about six months' time and about six hundred dollars in money] but for the aid of one man who, in a little school away up in the mountains of New Hampshire, when a child became interested in a little poem about kindness to animals. The superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis told us many years ago, at the close of one of our addresses at New Orleans, that he had never thought of the subject of kindness to animals until he listened to an address we gave to the faculty and students of Dartmouth College, which revealed to him the importance of the subject. President Hayes told us, many years ago at Washington, when we asked him to put into his message to congress what we had written about the transportation of animals, that he had never forgotten what was once said to him when at school on the subject of kindness to animals, and so he put into his message just what we had written.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



GEORGE T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

OUR CENTRAL AMERICAN AND SOUTH AMERICAN NATIONS.

The wide circulation of our humane publications and progress of our humane educational work not only in our own country and British America, but also in various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and various islands of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans gives us infinite satisfaction.

As our readers are aware, the sending of them [including more than a thousand copies of our Italian "Black Beauty" to Italy] has been followed by the formation there of "The Italian Humane Education Society," and "The Sicilian Humane Education Society" at Palermo.

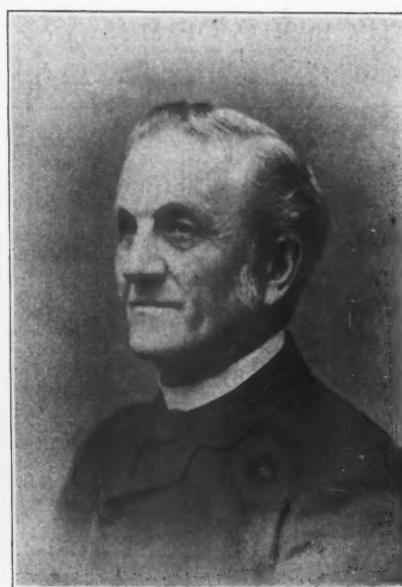
The formation of our "Bands of Mercy" in the schools of Cape Town, South Africa, and in New Zealand, Ceylon and the Sandwich Islands, and the orders that are now coming to us for copies of Spanish "Black Beauty" to be sent to various countries, are simply a few illustrations of the growth of our work which is now extending not only to the places before mentioned but to many others in Europe, Asia and elsewhere.

And now we want to add [what every intelligent American statesman and capitalist ought to know] that the future prosperity of our country is to largely depend on our relations with the Central and South American nations, and that every dollar our capitalists give to aid our "American Humane Education Society" in carrying our undenominational "Bands of Mercy" and humane publications [approved as they are by both Catholics and Protestants] into those nations, is a dollar given to promote not only kindness and mercy, but also in the most unobjectionable form a closer connection [commercial as well as otherwise] between us and the great brotherhoods who inhabit this Western continent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE REACH OF THIS PAPER.

We were recently pleased to receive a Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) newspaper, containing an article of nearly a column copied from a Victoria newspaper, speaking in praise of "Our Dumb Animals" and its editorials.



HON. HENRY B. HILL,

Vice-President and Treasurer of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

ASKED TO BE A PROFESSOR.

Some years ago, a wealthy lady asked us whether if she would endow a professorship of humanity in some college we would accept the position of professor. We were so impressed with the importance of our work that we replied that she might as well have asked General Sherman, when on his march from the mountains to the sea, to stop and take a professorship in some college.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"NULLA DIES SINE LINEA."

The above Latin words translated, "No day without something accomplished," has been one of our mottoes for many years, and in pursuance of it we have endeavored that no day shall pass without our doing, saying or writing something to help make the world happier and better. It is a pleasure to us to constantly remember our motto, "Nulla dies sine linea."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE COAST-GUARD.

From Address of Geo. T. Angell to the "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union" at Nashville, Tenn., on

"The Great Army of Mercy."

"On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.

"By and by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer—comes driving ashore. A signal light is flashed, other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live, the life-boat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a boat cannot live, then a life-line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

"Another division of the great army of mercy."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF

THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

INDIAN SCHOOL BANDS.

- 69301 *Upperlake, Cal.*
Upperlake Indian Sch.
Band.
P., Superintendent.
State of Colorado.
- 69302 *Ignacio, Colo.*
Southern Ute Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69303 *Grand Junction, Colo.*
Grand Junction Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69304 *Breen, Colo.*
Fort Lewis Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
State of Idaho.
- 69305 *Rossfork, Idaho.*
Fort Hall Indian School
Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69306 *Lapwai, Idaho.*
Fort Lapwai Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69307 *Desmet, Idaho.*
Desmet Indian Mission
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
State of Iowa.
- 69308 *Toledo, Iowa.*
Sac and Fox Indian
School Bands.
P., Superintendent.
State of Kansas.
- 69309 *Reserve, Kan.*
Sauk and Fox Indian
Day School Band.
P., Teacher.
- 69310 *White Cloud, Kan.*
Great Nemaha Indian
Day School Band.
P., Teacher.
- 69311 *Horton, Kan.*
Kickapoo Indian Day
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69312 *Lawrence, Kan.*
Haskell Institute.
P., Superintendent.
State of Michigan.
- 69313 *Mount Pleasant, Mich.*
Mount Pleasant Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69314 *Bay Mills, Mich.*
Bay Mills Indian Day
School Band.
P., Teacher.
State of Minnesota.
- 69315 *Tower, Minn.*
Vermilion Lake Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69316 *White Earth, Minn.*
White Earth Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.
- 69317 *Twin Lake Mission In-*
dian Day School Bd.
P., Teacher.
- 69318 *White Earth Indian*
Day School Band.
P., Teacher.
- 69319 *Ponsford, Minn.*
Pine Point Indian
School Band.
P., Superintendent.

69320 <i>Beaulieu, Minn.</i> Wild Rice River Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69341 <i>Polson, Mont.</i> Polson Indian Day Sch. Band. P., Teacher.	69361 <i>Winnebago, Neb.</i> Winnebago Indian Sch. Band. P., Superintendent.	69381 <i>Chamita, N. Mex.</i> San Juan Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69321 <i>Mahomen, Minn.</i> Pembina Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69342 <i>Ronan, Mont.</i> Ronan Indian Day Sch. Band. P., Teacher.	69362 <i>Owyhee, Nev.</i> Western Shoshone In- dian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69382 <i>Jemes, N. Mex.</i> Sia. Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69322 <i>Duane, Minn.</i> Porterville Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69343 <i>St. Ignatius, Mont.</i> St. Ignatius Mission In- dian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69363 <i>Stewart, Nev.</i> Carson Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69383 <i>Taos, New Mexico.</i> Taos Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69323 <i>Pipestone, Minn.</i> Pipestone Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69344 <i>Harlem, Mont.</i> Fort Belknap Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69364 <i>Schirz, Nev.</i> Walker River Sub- Agency Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69384 <i>Shiprock, N. Mex.</i> San Juan Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.
69324 <i>Morton, Minn.</i> Birch Cooley Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69345 <i>St. Pauls, Mont.</i> St. Pauls Mission Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69365 <i>Wadsworth, Nev.</i> Nevada Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69385 <i>Santa Fe, N. Mex.</i> Santa Fe Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.
69325 <i>Cass Lake, Minn.</i> Cass Lake Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69346 <i>Crow Agency, Mont.</i> Crow Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69366 <i>State of New Mexico.</i> Tohatchi, New Mexico. Little Water Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69386 <i>Pena Blanca, N. Mex.</i> Cochiti Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69326 <i>Ponemah, Minn.</i> Cross Lake Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69347 <i>Pryor, Mont.</i> Mont. Pryor Indian Boarding School Band. P., Superintendent.	69367 <i>Albuquerque, N. Mex.</i> Albuquerque Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69387 <i>Jemes, N. Mex.</i> Jemes Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69327 <i>Red Lake, Minn.</i> Red Lake Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69348 <i>Ashland, Mont.</i> St. Labres Mission Sch. Band. P., Superintendent.	69368 <i>Acomita, New Mexico.</i> Acoma Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69388 <i>Nambe, N. Mex.</i> Nambe Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69328 <i>Morris, Minn.</i> Morris Indian School. P., Superintendent.	69349 <i>Busby, Mont.</i> Tongue River Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69369 <i>McCarty's Indian Day</i> School Band. P., Teacher.	69389 <i>Dixon, N. Mex.</i> Picuris Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.
69329 <i>Cloquet, Minn.</i> Fond du Lac Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69350 <i>Lame Deer, Mont.</i> Tongue River Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69370 <i>Laguna, New Mexico.</i> Mesita Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69390 <i>Zuni, N. Mex.</i> Zuni Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.
69330 <i>Grand Portage, Minn.</i> Grand Portage Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69351 <i>Family, Mont.</i> Willow Creek Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69371 <i>Laguna Indian Day</i> School Band. P., Teacher.	69391 <i>State of North Carolina.</i> Cherokee, N. Car. Cherokee Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.
69331 <i>Horton, Kan.</i> Kickapoo Indian Day School Band. P., Superintendent.	69352 <i>Bena, Minn.</i> Bena Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69372 <i>Isleta, New Mexico.</i> Isleta Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69392 <i>State of North Dakota.</i> Fort Totten, N. Dak. Fort Totten Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.
69332 <i>Onigum, Minn.</i> Leech Lake Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69353 <i>Macy, Neb.</i> Omaha Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69373 <i>Paguate, New Mexico.</i> Paguate Indian Day School.	69393 <i>Indian Day School</i> No. 2 Band. P., Teacher.
69333 <i>Family, Mont.</i> Piegan Sub-Agency Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69354 <i>Genoa, Neb.</i> Genoa Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69374 <i>Casa Blanca, N. Mex.</i> Paraje Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69394 <i>Belcourt, N. Dak.</i> Indian Day School No. 1 Band. P., Teacher.
69334 <i>Browning, Mont.</i> Holy Family Mission Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69355 <i>Santee, Neb.</i> Santee Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69375 <i>Algodones, N. Mex.</i> San Felipe Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69395 <i>Indian Day School</i> No. 2 Band. P., Teacher.
69335 <i>Cut Bank Indian</i> Boarding School Bd. P., Superintendent.	69356 <i>Niobrara, Neb.</i> Ponca Indian Day Sch. Band. P., Teacher.	69376 <i>Seama, New Mexico.</i> Seama Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69396 <i>Elbowoods, N. Dak.</i> Indian Day School No. 1 Band. P., Teacher.
69336 <i>Poplar, Mont.</i> Fort Peck Indian School P., Superintendent.	69357 <i>Culbertson, Mont.</i> Fort Peck Indian Day School No. 1 Band. P., Teacher.	69377 <i>Mescalero, N. Mex.</i> Mescalero Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69397 <i>Indian Day School</i> No. 2 Band. P., Teacher.
69337 <i>Fort Shaw, Mont.</i> Fort Shaw Indian Sch. Band. P., Superintendent.	69358 <i>Naper, Neb.</i> Mills Camp Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69378 <i>Dulce, N. Mex.</i> Jicarilla Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69398 <i>Three Indian Day</i> School Band. P., Teacher.
69338 <i>Jocko, Mont.</i> Flathead Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69359 <i>Gordon, Neb.</i> Indian Day School No. 31 Band. P., Teacher.	69379 <i>Espanola, N. Mex.</i> Santa Clara Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69399 <i>Wahpeton, N. Dak.</i> Wahpeton Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.
69339 <i>White Earth, Minn.</i> White Earth Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.	69360 <i>Ronan, Mont.</i> Flathead Sub-Agency Indian School. P., Superintendent.	69380 <i>Iildefonso, N. Mex.</i> San Ildefonso Indian Day School Band. P., Teacher.	69400 <i>Wahpeton, N. Dak.</i> Wahpeton Indian School Band. P., Superintendent.

A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION.

"I do not believe in the immortality of animals."

(1) Well—how much more do you know about it than thousands of distinguished men, including [if we remember rightly] over a hundred authors who have written books on the subject expressing the belief that animals have some future life?

(2) Don't you think that the hundreds of thousands [perhaps millions] of cattle which have been allowed by ranchmen in our Western and Southern states to starve to death in winter, ought to have *sometime, somewhere*, some compensation for what they have suffered?

(3) Can there be any doubt that the Almighty, who has given them one life, has power, *if he wishes*, to give them another?

(4) In God's great universe, comprising as it does perhaps millions of worlds larger than our own, is there not room enough for all?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

Feed the birds in winter. We feed them every day.

THE SNOW-FAIRIES.

When the forests are dreary,
The leaves drop down,
The valleys are silent,
The meadows are brown;
When the days are gloomy,
And the winds blow cold,
And the sheep come home
To the sheltering fold,

Then the good snow-fairies come out of the north,
Whit'ning and freezing the summer rain,
And drop it down from the darkened sky
Till the pure drifts cover each hill and plain.

They scatter it over
The earth in stars,
Diamonds, and crosses,
And crystal bars;

The meadows are heaped
With their magic sheaves;
The trees are draped
With their spotless leaves:

Drop, drop, drop! for the plump flakes—
Must bury the blossoms that lie asleep—
Violet, crow-foot, and adder-tongue,
Shelter and cover up warm and deep.

They make the coasting
For Bob and Will;
They freeze the pond
By the ruined mill;
They waken the sleigh-bells'
Rhyme and chime,
And fill the stockings
At New Year time;

They cheer and gladden the children's hearts
As the bitter weather flies swiftly by,
Till the spring comes back, and the sunshine drifts
From the shadowless depth of the far-off sky.

Selected.

Mute are the frozen rills
That course adown the hills
With babbling voices in the summer weather,
And mute the meadow brook,
Where oft with line and hook,
I've angled from the bank for hours together.
Within the solemn woods,
Where ghostly silence broods,
No summer bird her heart beguiles with singing:
But in the winter night,
Beneath the pale moon's light,
Are heard the merry sleigh-bells blithely ringing.
Or from the frozen stream,
Where the gray willows gleam,
On either side the cheerless shore abounding,
Armed with its blade of steel,
The shadowy skater's heel
Spurns the stout ice with shrilly echoes sounding.

FROM MRS. CRANE-COUCH OF DALTON,
A RELATIVE OF SENATOR CRANE.

Among the many letters which are coming to our table from friends of dogs have been several from our life-member, Mrs. Crane-Couch of Dalton, a relative of Senator Crane, who is doing a splendid work in enlisting several hundred children in our great army of mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK.

Saying nothing of the Bible as a divine revelation, we have no hesitation in declaring what tens of thousands of studious, thoughtful people will coincide with, that as a simply interesting, literary production, a large portion of it has no superior in the English or any other language. *Read it and judge for yourself.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for December, 1906.

Fines and witness fees, \$111.14.

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Total, \$804.25.

The American Humane Education Society, \$301.

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All others, \$41.46.

Total, \$204.81.

Sales of Publications, \$80.95.

Total, \$1513.03.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society for December.

Mrs. Annie L. Lowry, \$50; Haverhill School Dept., \$23.44; Mrs. R. H. Cole, \$22.50; W. B. Ottwell, \$10; Mrs. S. J. Prouty, \$10; Maine S. P. C. A., \$5; Miss Lulu Cumback, \$5; Mrs. T. F. Goodrich, \$5; Hon. Clement B. Penrose, \$5; Miss L. Prentiss, \$5; J. W. Schirmer, \$5; Rev. Geo. S. Shaw, \$3; New Britain School Dept., \$2.50; W. M. Bains, \$2.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the waste-basket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large number of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

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